

The Elephant looked at the azure dome,
He turned to look at his future home,
He looked at the Donkey and winked his eye
And trumpeted willingly his reply: *

And then there came advancing
An enormous horde a-dancing
Like an army that was marching to a jazz.
In the dust of its migration
It was yelling its elation,
"We are here to give the Democrats the razz!
For we're going to take positions
In accordance with traditions
And we'll 'raus mit all the Democratic gang!"
And they stopped before the portals
While emitting sundry chortles
As they lifted up their voices and they sang:

Oh Normalcy, sweet Normalcy,
Our orisons we make to thee.
Back to that beatific state
In good old eighteen ninety eight,
When old Mark Hanna rang the gong
To summon in the hungry throng!
Oh good old days, so far and free,
Oh happy days of Normalcy,
When good Mark Hanna fed us high
From soup and fish to nuts and pie.
Back to the good old days we go
For Normalcy is when, you know,
Republicans are round the pot
And all the Democrats are not!

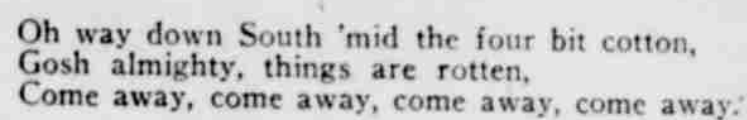
And when they ceased their singing
Came the gentle breezes bringing
From the governmental offices about
The dim reverberation
Of the doleful ululation
Of the Democrats preparing to move out,
Oh the bulk of their intoning
Was as of a giant moaning,
As the southern breezes carried it away,
And the music softly creeping
Set their hearers all to weeping
As the Democrats were understood to say:

We had a wonderful, wonderful time,
But it's over now.
Spending our millions like spending a dime,
But it's over now.
Ordering cities to spring from the ground,
Ordering millions of soldiers around,
Right at the spot where the orders abound,
But it's over now.

We've had a wonderful, wonderful day,
But it's over now.
Drawing the government's bountiful pay,
But it's over now.
Now we have got to go out in the wet,
No more munitions, no contracts to let.
Out in the world with our living to get,
For it's over now.

And then from the stills of the southerly hills
Came murmurings distant and faint,
And each head was bare for the old Southern air
That was sung with a note of complaint.
Oh, each bared his head as one does for the dead
And hushed the harsh speech in his mouth
As he harled to the word but imperfectly heard
Of the ghost of the old Solid South.

By JOHN BENSON



They've taken Oklahoma, away, away,
They've put the bee on Tennessee,
The South ain't what it used to be,
Oh my, oh me, away down South in Dixie.

Away down South where Democrats
Wore long tailed coats and high silk hats,
Come away, come away, come away, come away.

They've put us in the cooler, away, away,
The South of yore, it ain't no more,
We never saw the like before,
Oh my, oh me, away down South in Dixie.

As each in sentimental mood
Dashed teardrops from his nose
There came an infant nearly nude,
In torn and shabby clothes.
Her hair was fair, her face was sad,
Her eyes were blue and mild.
Then up spoke one and cried, "Bedad,
"Now who is that there child!"

She looked at him as though appalled,
Though no one threatened her,
And timidly she said, "I'm called
The League of Nations, sir.
I am a little orphan girl,
To none do I belong."
She twisted at a golden curl
And then began her song:

"Oh who will take the orphan in,
Oh who will shelter me,
That once to emperors was kin
In lands beyond the sea?
For I was born in pomp and state
In far-off Sunny France,
And everybody called me great,
My glory to advance.

Then strong men felt the starting tears
And many heaved a sigh;
While some but boxed the infant's ears
More smacked her in the eye.
For round the crowd a murmur ran
That laid their pity flat
As man went whispering to man,
"The child's a Democrat."

Then the Donkey said to the Elephant,
"They're getting a little bit rough."
But the Elephant said with a roguish smile,
"They're treating her well enough."

"Just hammer the kid when it's small
And it will be good when it grows,
For that is a fact on which I act
And one that everyone knows."

The Donkey said to the Elephant,
"They'll murder her with that stuff."
But the Elephant said like a wise old bird,
"Oh no, the kid is tough."

"We'll kick her around for a year
And wallop her till she's flat,
And then our concern her love will earn
And we'll adopt the brat."

And while they argued pro and con
A solemn group was coming on,
Of men of aspect most severe,
Aloof and chill, reserved, austere,
Whom all observed with awe and fear,
Who cast about a pallor drear,
Who could not see but seemed to hear,
Whose awful presence could besmear
The sun with soot, cause winds to veer,
And clouds the orb'd moon to blear.
From far and near men came to hear
Their voices bleak, their voices clear
That stabbed like knives in every ear.
Thus spoke the Nation's Last Resort,
The Dread, Unchallenged, Highest Court.

Parties come and parties go.
(Give him a writ of Fee, Fi, Fo.)

We go on till the end shall come.
(Give him a writ of Fee, Fo, Fum.)

Presidents come with every tide.
(Writ of Fo Fum Fee denied.)

We go on and we never die.
(Give him a writ of Fum, Fo, Fi.)

Wars may wage, but we are not moved.
(Writ of Fo, Fi, Fum approved.)

None there are as great as we.
(Grant him a writ of Fo. Fum. Fee.)

Some are high, but we are It.
(Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum, here's the writ.)